The Sketch

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DU BARRY TO COLE PORTER.

Distractingly lovely is FRANCES DAY *in "Du Barry Was a Lady" (His Majesty's), and* ARTHUR RISCOE *a dignified Louis Quinze who breaks easily into modern American slang. With subtlety of technique, witty intonations and airy impertinence, Frances Day pervades New York's musical comedy like a haunting poem. And though Cole Porter is not at his top-notch best in the music, together they put over his songs as only they can! Other photographs of the play will be found on later pages.*

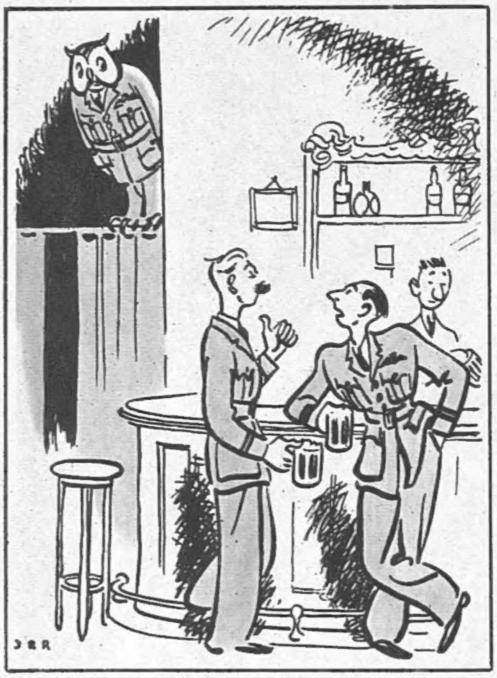
PHOTOGRAPH BY BASIL SHACKLETON.

MOTLEY NOTES.

By ALAN KEMP.

Too Sob-giving!

Have all the literary critics gone mad? The papers have been full lately of articles praising a poet called Tennyson. The name was vaguely familiar to me—I think I heard somebody mention it once at a bottle-party, and everybody nearly died of laughing—and I looked up some of the "works" of this moth-eaten writer. My *dear*! I came across whole passages that I could *understand*, and others full of music and sweet sound—positively sick-making! And they call that sort of thing poetry! I searched the entire volume for one decent bit of indecency, but there was absolutely nothing that could possibly interest a Viennese psychologist, or even a Stipendiary Magistrate. What tripe! Without even onions.



"Oh, that's Whifflestone! They say he's been doing rather too much night flying recently!"

DRAWN BY ORR.

The Lowest Depths.

Then I looked up the man's life. Too East Croydon for words! He did not drink himself to death, he never skipped with anybody else's wife, he never bilked his best friends, and he was never either in gaol or in a mental home. Just shatteringly respectable—so respectable that *Queen Victoria* made a friend of him, and he was quite fond of her! Of course, they couldn't help making him Poet Laureate. That is the real high-spot—Poet Laureate, and yet these critics insist on calling him a "poet"! To show the sort of prune he was, he even wrote *patriotic* poems—things about the Duke of Wellington and the *Revenge* and the Light Brigade and the most *unbelievable* Boy Scout stuff. The man actually made his poetry pay. People bought it, and even read it! It is even stated that they learned it by heart, and recited it at each other—all proving, again, that it was the sort of swill that any lowbrow could *understand*. Would you believe that the poor fish had the crust to call one of his doggerels "Maud"? Just that—"Maud"! However, I need not press the point, because when I tell you that they buried him in Westminster Abbey—well, I ask you! And yet these critics go on burbling. The only bright thing I discovered about him was that he once said to a bore: "Madam, your stays creak." I suppose the poor simp thought that very, very daring! As for us—Tessa, Vanessa and Egbert—we are *not* amused!

Really Necessary?

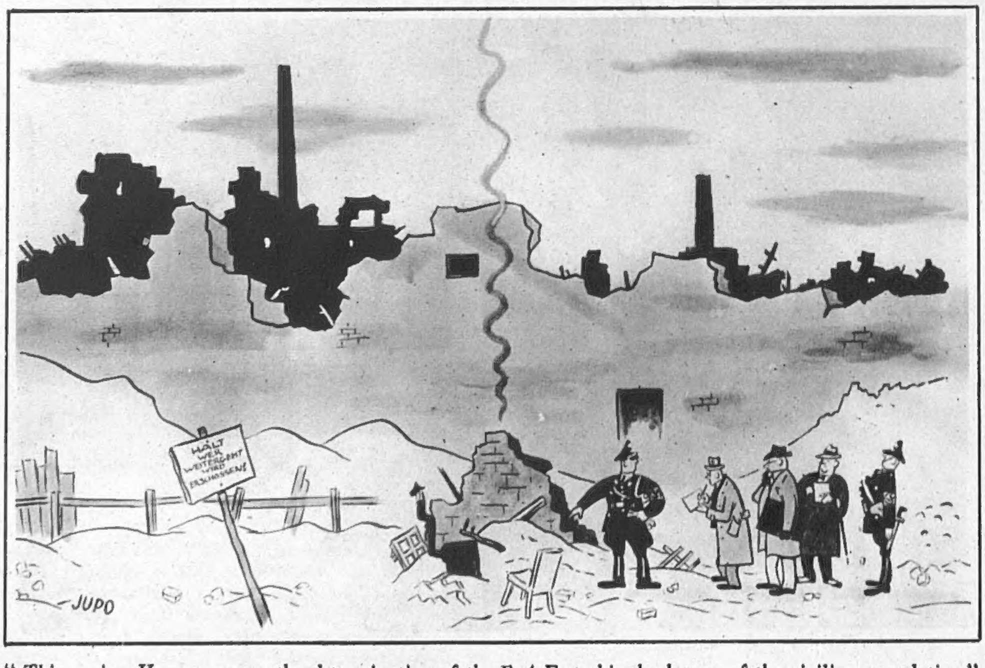
Ah, well, I dare say there was something better to be said for those quaint old whiskered days than this sort of alleged poetry. They had trains, I believe, as well as coaches, and it may have been possible for determined characters to get on them and move from place to place. The progress of civilisation has now made this impossible. Rugby footballers and professional pugilists can get seats on trains, but few others. Soon it will be impossible even to get standing-room in the corridor, except over the mangled corpses of one's fellow-passengers. The only way to travel in comfort is to go disguised as a crate of poultry; there is then a chance in the guard's van. When one has to survive these horrors in order to go about one's lawful occasions, it *does* rankle a little to be asked: "Is your journey really necessary?" You might as well ask a man on his way to the operating-theatre whether his journey is really necessary (and only the surgeon knows the answer!).

"I ain't 'arf sold some papers since that bloke told 'is customers to bring their own wrappings!"

DRAWN BY PITTS.

The Class War.

Wise persons have long since abandoned the farce of buying a first-class ticket in the pathetic hope of getting a seat in a first-class carriage. That privilege is reserved chiefly for third-class passengers. I am, I trust, no snob, and it has never been my ambition to grind the faces of the poor. But, if I have been idiot enough to buy a



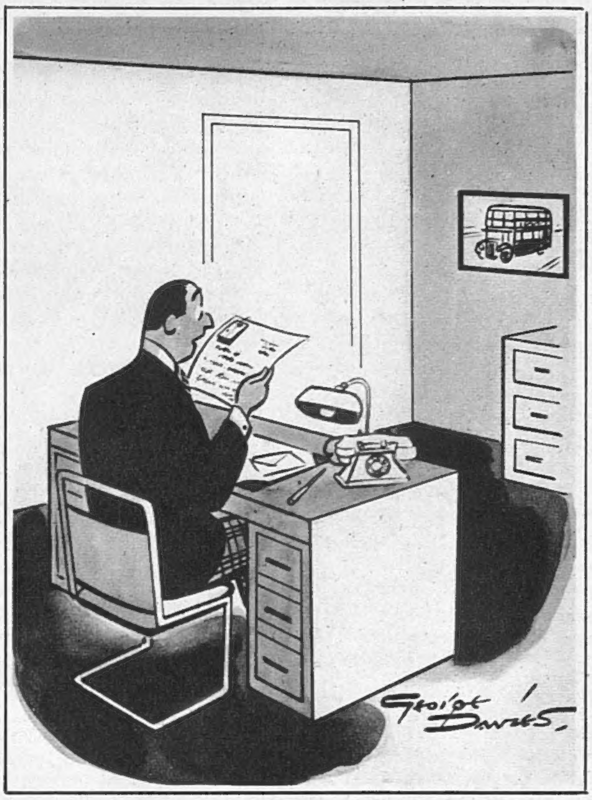
"This, meine Herren, proves the determination of the R.A.F. to hit the homes of the civilian population."
"And what's that behind?" "Oh, that's a factory which has been hit by accident!"

DRAWN BY JUPO.

first-class ticket, I do not see why all the corner seats should be occupied by third-classers (not excluding infants), who are just as capable of standing in the corridor as I am. However, I dare say that is very feudal of me; and, to show my impartiality, I hasten to add that I have even stronger feelings about those mean-spirited, dog-in-the-manger first-classers who deliberately spread their belongings about in order to monopolise several seats. Cattle-trucks for them, if I had my way!

All Pals Together.

Sweet, however, are the uses of adversity, and I find a certain matey-ness about wartime travel which compensates for many of its rigours. The sins of the railway company and the Government make a pleasant and unfailing subject of conversation, cold feet breed much wit and pleasantry, and there is usually such an engaging variety of nationalities that one gets that cosmopolitan feeling which will be so useful to us all in the New World. The shared sandwich, the proffered cigarette, the glad word definitely make for Brighter Travel. The other day, a delightful Doughboy from Colorado, who had rapidly become a buddy, insisted on pouring about half-a-pound of salted peanuts into my hands before leaving the train. I did not know what to do with them, or with my hands, but I felt that it all made for international understanding. Human nature keeps on breaking through—let that be our consolation for the hardships of travel.



"Dear London Transport: I return herewith a 1½d. ticket which I omitted to drop in the receptacle for same when I was in London last week . . ."

DRAWN BY GEORGE DAVIES.

This Bus Business.

I wish I could feel the same about buses; but I have never become very good at bus-craft. I have never really learned how to keep my feet when I am jerked off them, how to be precipitated into the lap of a total stranger without loss of dignity, how to share a seat which was designed not for two persons, but for one-and-a-half, or how to climb down the stairs without feeling as if I were being made to walk the plank. All the more, therefore, do I admire the technique of the L.G.O.C. Young Ladies—their charm, as well as their agility. There are now ten thousand of them, and I am not surprised to learn that they are so popular that "the Board is always losing some through marriage, causing the figures to fluctuate." (The word "figures" is here used in a strictly mathematical sense.) I wish they, or somebody, would explain to me one curious feature of the wartime bus. I quite understand that there are fewer buses than there were, and that I must wait longer for them; but why, when I have been waiting ten or fifteen minutes, does there arrive not one bus, but a cortège of two, three and (on one occasion) even four buses all at once? I don't really need four; one is quite sufficient for my simple tastes. Could not they, as well as the passengers, be "staggered" a little?

The Cheat's Magna Carta.

Let us turn to something more Olde Worlde. It is a common delusion that a contract is not binding unless it is "in writing." Actually, the vast majority of contracts are made by word of mouth. They may be perfectly valid in law, but they are sometimes difficult to prove. Therefore, 265 years ago Parliament enacted that if the contract were of value more than £10 (in those days equal to at least £70 of our money), it needed some evidence to prove it; and the commonest kind of evidence specified was a "note or memorandum in writing." This was the famous Statute of Frauds, familiar to every business-man. It was well named. It was intended to prevent frauds, and it has been the parent of more chicanery than any other statute in our law, because cads and sharpers have constantly taken advantage of its technicalities to escape clear and definite obligations. Many thousands of cases have been decided upon a single section of this Act, and such mountains of interpretation have been piled upon it that the substantial justice of the matter has long since been buried alive.

Write Me Down an Ass!

A learned Lord Justice in the Court of Appeal the other day called attention—and many had done so before him—to this scandal. Why, he asked, had nobody done anything about it for 265 years, when everyone knew that the thing was not only a nuisance, but a menace? Ask the ordinary man that, and he will answer at once that it is the fault of the lawyers. That's how they make their living, he will say. A strange delusion! Actually, lawyers have again and again denounced this absurdity—but Parliament is not interested. It hasn't time for lawyers' quibbles; and besides, there are no votes in this sort of thing. There is hardly an important legal reform in the last century which has not been sponsored by lawyers, but usually they have had the greatest difficulty in getting Parliament interested even in the most crying needs. People who complain that the law is an ass ought to ask themselves who brays loudest in the land.

"Go in, if you must—but mind my mushrooms!"

Where We Get Off.

That question has been asked in the United States lately, and the brayings have reverberated. A popular periodical, in a "sensational" article, has been admonishing the people of England to quit fighting this war for the sake of the British Empire. As one American commentator has aptly observed to his U.S. listeners: "If you want to

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know how the English feel about it, just think how you would feel if you were told to stop fighting to hold the U.S.A. together." I do not want to enter into controversy, nor, certainly, to indulge in recriminations, which are always easy enough. But I have been reading an article by a very shrewd American commentator, who explains that this unfortunate effusion was not meant so much to "knock" Britain, as to make a subtle move towards a future Presidential campaign. The mental processes by which this result is reached are obscure and involved, but this commentator knows his political chess-players. One can only say that it is infinitely dangerous and discouraging if journalists (on both sides of the water, of course) are going to manœuvre parochial politics quite regardless of international understanding. The Press must be free, but freedom has its responsibilities.

"You top-dress with this fertiliser at the rate of one hundredweight per acre, Mr. Jackson. Now, how much should I use for a five-by-one window-box?"

DRAWN BY HAROLD BEARDS.

Socking Punks. I very much prefer the simple, manly words of Mayor La Guardia to the recruits of the New York Police. "Keep away from punks and tinhorns. Don't give a tinhorn a break. If you see him on your beat, give him a sock on the jaw. I'll stand behind you." The words have made a deep impression on our own constabulary, and I understand that classes are now being held at Hendon on tinhornery, punkdom and socking. The only difficulty is that nobody seems to know exactly what a tinhorn is, and inquiries at the Ministry of Agriculture have produced only evasive replies. The authorities are also exercised about the exact circumstances in which a constable is justified in going up to a citizen and saying: "You are a punk—take that!" and then summoning the ambulance. As a compromise, the Chief Commissioner has suggested the following formula: "In consequence of information received, and owing to your revolting appearance, I have reason to suspect that you are a punk. If you would care to make a statement, I will take it down in writing, but I must warn you that it may be used in evidence. If you prefer not to make a statement, I propose to sock you on the jaw, but it is my duty to inform you that in that event you will be assured every medical care and attention at Government expense." It's just a slight difference of technique, that's all.

Hitches and Twitches. In writing the word "sock" several times hereinabove, I noticed a slight tremor pass through my frame, and I wondered why. I remember now the gruesome things I have been reading about socks—how they are to shrink into anklets, barely covering the instep, and leaving the entire tibia exposed to the elements. Half-hose are now, it seems, to be quarter-hose. Well, we mustn't grumble. I suppose one can wear under-puttees, or linseed poultices, or sackcloth and ashes on the calves for warmth; but what is worrying me is how to keep the things up. I have always had a horror of concertina socks, as I have noticed that they are the symptom of a defeatist disposition or a depraved character. Without going into all the details of masculine *dessous*, it is really very difficult, without a sort of block-and-tackle, to keep quarter-hose in proper frontal elevation. You can't very well wear a sort of pantywaist round the calf. Nor can you wear garters round your ankles. Glue seems to be the only solution; and, after all, if women paint their legs with stockingless cream, why should not men anoint themselves with glue (in beige, nigger, Lido and *souvenir de baiser*)?

Kilt with Kindness. Meanwhile, if I am not to be allowed even half-hose, I do not see why the Prime Minister should have a whole kilt—and without coupons, too, it seems. It has been promised him by Sir Ian Hamilton, who says that he has been worried all his life by the fact that Mr. Churchill, by a strange oversight of Providence, was not born a Scot. But Providence was more providential than Sir Ian thought, because Mr. Churchill was born on St. Andrew's Day, and this entitles him to a kilt, which Sir Ian is going to send him, with the greeting "lang may yer lum reek." I am not certain what this means, and I doubt whether Mr. Churchill is certain either, but it sounds nice and cordial, and I am sure we all re-echo it with a hoots and a toots and a braw bonny drumtochtie. This kilt seems to me to be a happy idea. Among the Prime Minister's admired millinery, I do not recollect that the bonnet, the Tam-o'-Shanter or the Glengarry have yet found a place. This seems to be an excellent opportunity to repair a regrettable omission.

PAPER WEIGHT.

The paper that you personally save may not amount to much . . . but the combined weight of everyone's waste-paper-basket salvage will help to win the war. Old letters, envelopes, cartons of every kind are urgently needed for munition making, so see that not one scrap eludes your vigilance, and that everything goes to the salvage collectors for war service.

Here we have a most useful convoy of officers of the ROYAL ARMY SERVICE CORPS—*a unit which knows how right Napoleon was when he said that an army marches on its stomach. Colonel Field is the Commandant.*

DRAWN BY FRED MAY.

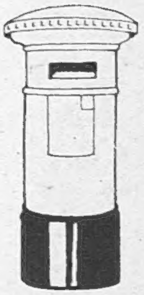
The forty-ninth of our SERIES OF PLATES IN FULL COLOUR *published in this issue of "The Sketch" is by* DAVID WRIGHT.

OUR SERGEANT-MAJOR OBLIGES!

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.

Please forward

By JOYCE DENNYS.



MY DEAR ROBERT—As I grow older, I find that my bad habit of not listening to what people say gets worse and worse. At a party this is excusable, because, of course, nobody at a party ever listens to what anybody else is saying. It has often struck me as curious that such a lot of loud conversation should go on when everybody must know that nobody is listening. Charles says that after a few drinks nobody minds whether they are listened to or not, and their only idea is to hear their own voices above the din, and I think he is probably right.

The Street is where I don't listen most, and Lady B. has spoken to me about it more than once. When I said that I always listened to what she said, she remarked tartly that she hoped so, indeed; and when I said that I generally gave the appearance of listening, even when I wasn't, she said that only made it worse.

Though I know it is nothing to boast about, I must say that my technique of not listening is a very fine one. I fasten my eyes on the Speaker's face in a hungry stare, and immediately begin thinking of something else. But one little tiny piece of my brain is left sitting at a sort of switchboard in the top of my head, and at appropriate moments this little Sentinel presses a knob which makes me say: "Good gracious!" or "My dear, how marvellous!" or "Well, I *am* surprised!" or anything else that the Speaker's facial expression seems to expect. Meanwhile, the other, and by far the larger, part of my brain is wondering whether to get tinned milk or tongue with the Points, worrying about Charles's cold, trying to remember to buy Insurance Stamps, hoping there will be letters from the children by the afternoon post, or just registering dislike of the Street and the East wind. Then the Speaker says: "Well, I must fly," and I "come-to" with a start and look anxiously to see whether my Sentinel has been pressing the right knobs. Sometimes the Speaker looks slightly dazed, and asks me whether I haven't been Doing Too Much lately, but generally it passes off all right, and we wave our baskets at each other, say how nice it is to have had a chat, and go our separate ways.

"'*What an* extraordinary *story!*'"

Sometimes I am punished, and rightly so, by missing something worth hearing. Only last week I "came-to" just in time to hear Colonel Simpkins say: "And they changed the plates on the coffin between Exeter and Taunton, and nobody was ever the wiser."

I sent my Sentinel spinning off his perch, the silly little Mutt, and clutched Colonel Simpkins by the arm. "What an *extraordinary* story!" I said.

"It is extraordinary," said Colonel Simpkins. "In fact, I may say it is quite the most extraordinary story I have ever heard. And my Uncle Benjamin having been in the luggage-van at the time makes it all the more interesting."

"When did it happen?"

"I *told* you, Henrietta," said Colonel Simpkins reproachfully; "when I was a boy."

"Yes, of course. And they actually changed the name on the coffin?"

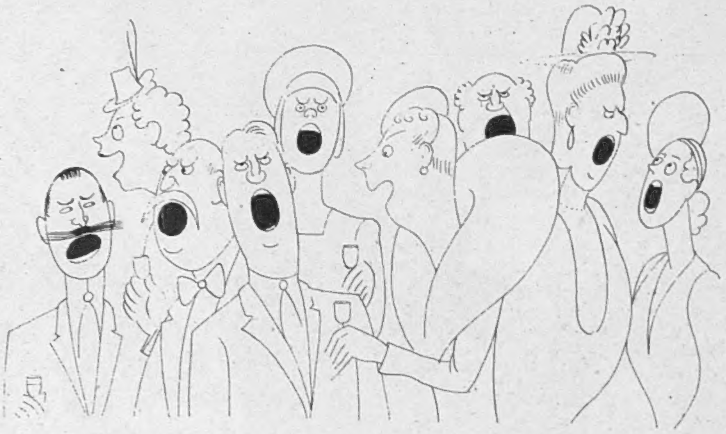
"With a screwdriver which old Carding had in his pocket especially for the purpose."

"Good gracious!"

"That action," said Colonel Simpkins in a low voice, "averted the biggest scandal there 's ever been in the county from being made public."

"It 's thrilling! I wish you 'd tell me the whole story all over again."

"I couldn't do that. I oughtn't to have repeated it really. It was only because you said you were interested in the Stockton-Jones's." (Had I?)



"*To hear their own voices above the din.*"

"But——"

"The glass has gone back a lot. I think we 're going to have rain," said Colonel Simpkins, making faces at me; and I turned to find Mrs. Whinebite at my elbow, and Lady B. crossing the Street towards us.

"Ah, Henrietta," said Mrs. Whinebite. "Just the person I want to see. Now, about the Women's Institute on Wednesday ——"

Back jumped the little Sentinel to his post, and I began thinking about Colonel Simpkins's story, and wishing I could break myself of the habit of not listening to what people say to me. When I "came-to," Mrs. Whinebite was saying: "So that's all right?"

"Yes, rather," I said, for I was longing to get Lady B. to myself, and ask her if she knew anything about the coffin which had its name-plate changed in the luggage-van, and why.

"I don't believe you listened to a word of that," said Lady B., as we walked away.

"It was only something about the Women's Institute."

"I suppose you don't know you 've promised to run the Entertainment on Wednesday?"

"What, me?"

"Yes. Mrs. Whinebite said she had chosen you because you don't mind making a fool of yourself in public. It 's going to be a sort of skit on a B.B.C. audition, and you 've got to be the Lady Announcer in very smart clothes."

"But I haven't got any smart clothes."

"You didn't say that to Mrs. Whinebite," said Lady B. with malice. "You said, 'Jolly good idea, Mrs. Whinebite,' and fixed her with an eye as glassy as a cod's."

"Oh dear!"

"Serve you right," said Lady B.

"'*An eye as glassy as a cod's.*'"

But I didn't have to do it in the end, because Faith came home on leave. She likes a chance of wearing her smartest clothes, and was quite ready to be the Lady Announcer. Lady B. said it was better luck than I deserved.

Always your affectionate Childhood's Friend,

HENRIETTA.

"THE LAST TIME I SAW HIM HE WAS WEARING PLUS-FOURS AND A BOWLER HAT, SO I SUPPOSE HE'S TAKING HIS COMMANDO SOMEWHERE!"

DRAWN BY KENNETH BEAUCHAMP.

CINEMA CAMEOS.

By C. A. LEJEUNE.

IN amongst the feature films, the newsreels and the Ministry of Information shorts, a number of sizable documentaries are turning up these days to lend variety to our programmes. Probably the most important, the most skilled and the best photographed come from the Government's own Crown Film Unit, which has, naturally enough, priority in subjects. Crown does not employ the quick, journalistic method. It takes its time over these films; six months, nine months, a year even—whatever seems needed. It sends its camera-men to sea and into the air. It waits, without noticeably fretting, the return of units from America, from Iceland, from the north of Scotland and the Welsh mountains. It fits and polishes, engages the best musicians to compose its scores. The result is invariably something that adds distinction to the screen. No film comes out from Crown without the stamp of quality.

"COASTAL COMMAND" (Carlton and Plaza), Crown's successor to "Target for To-night," is a striking film that will be widely seen and liked. Without professional actors, without any fabricated plot, it does for Coastal what "Target for To-night" did for Bomber Command. Its most enduring value is the background it will give to the communiqués, the bare facts of the official news. "A Catalina of Coastal Command, while on patrol. . . ." What fresh colour the phrase takes on to those who have seen the picture!

Coastal Command is not a showy service. Much of its work consists in monotonous and unremitting watch, dull days escorting convoys, patrolling the coasts, keeping a look-out for submarines, days at a stretch, maybe, without a periscope in sight. The film hints at this routine job in its opening sequences. Then an enemy surface raider is sighted off the coast of Norway, heading for our convoy routes. At once the whole machinery of Coastal comes into play. Working closely with Bomber Command and the Navy, they "find, fix and strike."

It is in the nature of the subject that it should lack the unity, the direct dramatic shape, of "Target for To-night." "Target" was concerned with one objective, one night, one 'plane, one crew; "Coastal Command" is occupied with many chores. The scene shifts from a remote flying-boat station to the Atlantic, from Iceland to Command Headquarters and again out to sea. We go on patrol with Catalina and Sunderland flying-boats, watch a torpedo and bombing attack by Hudsons and Beauforts, run into a flight of Junkers and see the Beaufighters streak out to tackle them.

The hero of the piece is, in fact, one particular Sunderland, but the crew is never so sharply characterised as "Target's" crew of "F for Freddie." Perhaps the types are less well chosen, perhaps the interest is too widely dissipated, perhaps familiarity has blunted the edge of excitement, perhaps "Target" was just a better film than "Coastal." At any rate, it is the implication rather than the presentation that makes the piece arresting. It belongs to the type of documentary valued for its "background knowledge." That, and Vaughan Williams's music, and some moments of supreme camera-craft—a shot of Iceland ponies startled by low-flying Beauforts, misty northern seas and the black shape of a Sunderland, skimming along a village street at dawn.

Documentary, too, of a sort, is represented by the Russian pictures, whether they treat of current affairs or take their propaganda from the great events of history. Gelovani, the Soviet actor who gave such a startling impersonation of Stalin in "Red Flyer," repeats his portrait in "THE DEFENCE OF TSARITSYN" (Tatler). Or rather, he turns back the pages of the political album, and gives us a younger Stalin—Stalin in the first years of the Revolution, when he was sent by Lenin to organise the food supplies of the besieged city that was later to bear his name.

Stalin is one hero of "The Defence of Tsaritsyn." Voroshilov (Bogolyubov) is the other. Stalin, inside the city, rations the food, cleans up the Black Market, forms the workers into defence corps, inspires them to hold on against the attacking Whites and Germans until Voroshilov's army can come to relieve them. Voroshilov, with armoured trains and supplies of ammunition, is steadily driving south, counter-attacking, mending the great bridge across the Don that has been blown up by the enemy. The theme of the film is the gradual drawing together of the two armies. The last shot of all shows the heroic leaders meeting and embracing on a hill outside Tsaritsyn.

This is only the first half of a film that is designed as an epic history of Stalingrad. The second part is now in preparation in a Leningrad studio. The effect is rather that of a picture pamphlet in two parts than of a formal cinematic drama. The present section—"Voroshilov's Journey"—would seem to stop rather than finish. The arrangement is episodic. Facts are set down one after the other—rather, one feels, because they are facts, than because they are integral and persuasive pieces of the pattern. There are fine individual scenes—Voroshilov's attack on the advancing German infantry, the mending of the Don Bridge, Stalin's interview with a trio of peasant deputies—but as a whole "Tsaritsyn" lacks that sense of balance, that nobility of proportion without which no film can properly be called a work of art.

Out of the usual batch of Hollywood products I'd recommend "ACROSS THE PACIFIC" (Regal), which has the same director, the same cast and much the same stinging pace, as "The Maltese Falcon." The story, not new, but still effective, is concerned with a Japanese plot to blow up the Pacific Canal. The brain behind the plot is Sydney Greenstreet, the sinister villain of "The Maltese Falcon"—the bulk, as well as the brain, one might say, for Mr. Greenstreet is not only one of the best, but one of the weightiest, of the cinema's bad men.

On a cruise down the west coast of America, from Nova Scotia to the Canal Zone, come the three leading players of "The Maltese Falcon"—Mr. Greenstreet, Humphrey Bogart and Mary Astor. In "Across the Pacific," Miss Astor is still a beautiful mystery woman. Mr. Bogart, cashiered from the U.S. Army for theft, is actually, of course, working for the Army Intelligence Department. Once in the Canal Zone, the plot breaks loose. Things happen freely, and things happen fast. Obliging Chinese actors play Japanese rôles. Mr. Bogart brings down the enemy bomber with a captured machine-gun, and Walter Huston's son John chalks up yet another success as a director: three good films out of a total output of three.

THE BEST THEATRES.

*Starred by "The Sketch." ***=highest value.*

**Adelphi: "THE DANCING YEARS." Ivor Novello in his romantic musical play, with Muriel Barron and Roma Beaumont.

***Aldwych: "WATCH ON THE RHINE." Diana Wynyard, Anton Walbrook, Athene Seyler, Valerie Taylor. Anti-Nazis in the U.S.A.

***Apollo: "FLARE PATH." R.A.F. "ops." Phyllis Calvert, Adrianne Allen.

**Cambridge: "WALTZ WITHOUT END." Unexpected version of Chopin's life and music.

**Coliseum: "THE BELLE OF NEW YORK." Revival, with Evelyn Laye.

**Comedy: "MURDER WITHOUT CRIME." Raymond Lovell, well supported.

***Duchess: "BLITHE SPIRIT." Noel Coward's play. Fay Compton, Kay Hammond; Cecil Parker; Margaret Rutherford.

** Globe: "THE MORNING STAR." Emlyn Williams in his own raid-nights play. Angela Baddeley.

**Haymarket: "THE DOCTOR'S DILEMMA." Vivien Leigh in a Shavian revival. Well cast.

***His Majesty's; "DU BARRY WAS A LADY." Frances Day, Arthur Riscoe star in mad musical comedy with Cole Porter music.

**Lyric: "NO ORCHIDS FOR MISS BLANDISH." Well-produced, slick gangsterism. Hartley Power, Linden Travers, Robert Newton.

**New: Sadler's Wells season of opera and ballet. Margot Fonteyn, Robert Helpmann. Orchestra conducted by Constant Lambert.

**Palace: "FULL SWING." Cicely Courtneidge and Jack Hulbert at their best.

***Phoenix: "THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING EARNEST." With John Gielgud, Edith Evans, Cyril Ritchard, Gwen Ffrangcon Davies, Jean Cadell, Peggy Ashcroft, J. H. Roberts.

**Piccadilly: "THE LITTLE FOXES." American drama with Fay Compton.

**Princes: "WILD ROSE." Jessie Matthews and Richard Hearne in lively musical comedy.

**St. Martins: "CLAUDIA." Pamela Brown and Hugh Sinclair on an American farm.

**Saville: "FINE AND DANDY." Good show, with Leslie Henson, Stan Holloway, Dorothy Dickson, Douglas Byng.

***Savoy: "THE MAN WHO CAME TO DINNER." Brilliant boorishness by Robert Morley.

**Stoll: "LILAC TIME." Revival, with George Graves, Derek Oldham, Frank Titterton, Irene Eisinger.

*Strand: "NIGHT OF THE GARTER." Revival, with Sydney Howard.

*Vaudeville: "MEN IN SHADOW." Sabotage in France. John Mills.

**Victoria Palace: "TWENTY TO ONE." Laugh-making racing musical play. Lupino Lane; Greta Fayne; Winifred Sloane.

*Westminster: Season of Shakespeare, with Robert Atkins and first-rate cast.

*Wyndham's: "QUIET WEEK-END." Sequel to "Quiet Wedding."

N.B.—While we shall always do our best to keep this list up to date, we cannot hold ourselves responsible for any errors which may occur. Consult your daily paper; ring up the theatre, to avoid disappointment.

"CROSSROADS" (Empire), although it has William Powell and Hedy Lamarr in it, seems oddly sketchy. It is a remake of a French film, "Carrefour," of several years back, and isn't helped by the fact that "Carrefour" was not a very good film in the first place. Mr. Powell is a rising diplomat, a member of the French Foreign Office, who has had the bad fortune to lose his memory eleven years ago in a railway smash. He is "cut off by a veil of blackness from his life before 1922," which makes it particularly tough when a blackmailer (Basil Rathbone) intimates that he was a bank robber and murderer.

Embarrassing, too, are the overtures of the blackmailer's star witness (Claire Trevor), an entertainer at the La Sirène Club. This lady carries evidence of the diplomat's past life in a locket, which she dangles in front of Mme. Diplomat (Hedy Lamarr) over the afternoon tea-table. It is all sad, sad for Madame, who is not at her best at tea-time, anyway, to judge from the remark, "Some tea, darling? I think the water is too hot," which she lets fall in the early part of the picture. Except for registering sorrow, Miss Lamarr has little to do but look lovely—a task that is absolutely no trouble to her. Mr. Powell is by turns adequately suave and harassed, and, as always, wears his hats with distinction. The plot is finally tidied up by the writers to their own satisfaction, but by that time I was almost too confused to care.

"Went the Day Well" (London Pavilion) tells how a quiet English village is chosen by the German High Command for the installation of apparatus which will disrupt England's network of radiolocation, prior to an invasion. The village, gaily preparing for a wedding, welcomes troops who roll up in lorries, unaware that they are Germans disguised as Royal Engineers. The suspicions of Nora Ashton (VALERIE TAYLOR) *are roused when she finds a bar of chocolate with the word "Wien" on it. She takes it to Wilsford* (LESLIE BANKS), *a Fifth Columnist, who assures her that there is nothing to worry about.*

HENRY FONDA *and* DON AMECHE *are stars of "The Magnificent Dope" (Odeon). Fonda plays "a perfect failure," one to be built into success by the Dawson Success Institute. Don Ameche is the Institute's head.*

"THE MAGNIFICENT DOPE" (Odeon) faintly suggests the theme of "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town," is bright enough, and a comforting film for those who like to believe that success is a silly thing, anyway. The Dawson Success Institute (Principal, Don Ameche), finding success difficult without publicity, offers a money prize and a free course in personal magnetism to the "perfect failure." Tad Page (Henry Fonda) shambles up from his rustic village to collect the cheque and buy the folks a fire-engine. Staying the course in business methods is no part of his plan, but Dawson's publicity agent (Lynn Bari) unwisely overcomes his objections. The result is an education for the Success Institute, for the prize pupil doesn't believe in success, doesn't care for business and sees no virtue in living merely to make a lot of money. His plan for life, and very nice too, is one of *dolce far niente*, although being a dope he naturally doesn't put it that way.

"Across the Pacific" (Regal) is reviewed in this article. Dr. Lorenz (SYDNEY GREENSTREET), *spying for Japan, is prevented from committing* hara kiri *by Rick Leland* (HUMPHREY BOGART), *of the U.S. Secret Service, for Intelligence wants him, preferably alive. Rick and Alberta Marlow* (MARY ASTOR) *are lovers.*

Fire is a satisfactory actor for Technicolor, and "THE FOREST RANGERS" (Plaza) gives us two fires—a preliminary crackle, and the big thing, a real smasher, at the climax. Between these two natural dramas the story ambles along anyhow, with plenty of innocent, backwoods humour, a touch of love and a pretty taste in Technicolor modes. (The russet velvet with the tan jerkin is my pick for the autumn season.)

Fred MacMurray appears as the tall, strong Ranger who is looking for a fire-bug, a bad, cunning man who sets light to forests, not even with the maniac's glee at seeing them burn, but simply to collect money. The Ranger's quest is seemingly hampered by his taking of a wife, a city girl (Paulette Goddard), with only the sketchiest notions of woodcraft, but an urge to follow her husband everywhere. Tagging along with them, too, comes the local girl timber boss (Susan Hayward), who loves the Ranger, and makes no secret of it. Tough, practical and experienced, she seems, a born woodsgirl. But it is the bride from New York who is the heroine of the big holocaust. Even in Oregon, it seems, the finishing school will tell.

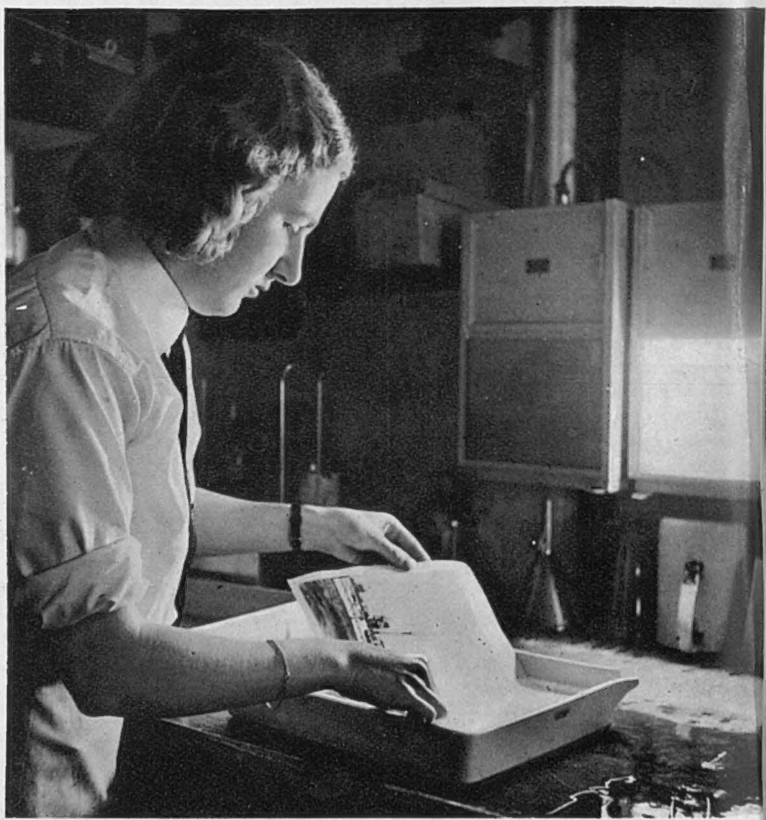
"The Forest Rangers" (Plaza), reviewed here, is a Technicolor production, laid in a panorama of heavily-timbered mountains and valleys, and starring FRED MACMURRAY *and* PAULETTE GODDARD *as Don Stuart and Celia Huston. Here the District Ranger praises his bride's bravery in fighting a forest fire.*

WRENS: DOMESTIC, TECHNICAL, OPERATIONAL AND GENERAL.

A FLYING WREN: *One of the radio mechanics preparing for a flight on which to test the gear she has fitted.*

The smiling face at a window: A busy WREN STEWARD *at work in a Naval shore establishment.*

AMPHIBIOUS WRENS: *Stewards enjoying recreation in the swimming-pool of a Naval establishment.*



PHOTOGRAPHIC ASSISTANT WREN *in the dark-room, developing an important picture.*

GIRLS who join the WOMEN'S ROYAL NAVAL SERVICE learn all about the way they have in the Navy, for the fourteen days' probationary training for the recruit teaches her the discipline, customs and procedure of the Royal Navy. It is the proud boast of the Senior Women's Service that its members always, in all respects, uphold the high tradition of the Royal Navy. The categories of service are numerous, and include both general and specialised work. In the former categories are such occupations as stewards, assistant cooks, battery chargers, and boat crews (though the Wrens do not go to sea, they work as deck-hands in motor-boats for harbour work, and it will be remembered that Wrens manned the barge in which the Queen

Keeping things ship-shape: WREN STEWARDS *who have replaced Naval personnel in Naval shore establishments, hard at work.*

A busy ward-room in a Naval establishment on shore, with WREN STEWARDS *waiting and serving lunch under the eye of a Chief Wren.*

WREN OFFICER'S STEWARD *cleaning the sword of her officer before he goes to his wedding.*

At a once-famous college, Naval officers now collect their mail from a girl—for the HALL-PORTER'S A WREN!

AN OFFICER *at a Naval Training Establishment takes coffee from a* WREN.

crossed Plymouth Harbour when she visited the West Country in May last); while specialised trades number photographic assistant, radio operator, meteorologist, and degaussing recorder among them. The radio mechanics are the only flying Wrens. Their job is to service and maintain radio installed in 'planes of the Fleet Air Arm. They make transmission- and receiving-sets from blue-prints. The actual work is done in the base workshops attached to every Naval base. The thrill comes afterwards in the testing, under flying conditions, of the wireless set. It was recently announced that Wrens are now servicing and loading machine-guns for light naval craft which fight the E-boats, thus releasing men for the sea.

WAH SING, COOK-GENERAL.*

By "TANJONG."

IT would have been futile, almost indelicate, to guess at Wah Sing's age. His face—so suggestive of an ill-used water-melon—gave no indication at all; it changed with the day of the month: on pay-days it was like a happy full-moon, the face of a Chinaman in his twenties; but a week later, when his last coin had gone in *fan-tan* games and *chandu* smoking, he would come to me with the wizened face and whining voice of a very old beggar, asking; "*Tuan, Sahya minta pinjam, ada banya susah.*" ("*Tuan*, I beg a loan; I am in great trouble.")

Personally, if I had been at all interested in his age, I should have based my calculation on the fact that he had served in the Great War as a member of a Chinese labour battalion, and when he had a "skinful" of gin—my gin—he would go through what he called "bay'net dlill," thrusting and stabbing the air with a mop-handle, stamping his feet, and uttering blood-curdling noises which he insisted were "Flench," but sounded suspiciously like the ingenious blasphemy of a British barrack-room. He must have mixed quite a lot with the Allied armies.

It was probably these cosmopolitan contacts that influenced his cooking; all the messes he turned out were very palatable, but a single meal from Wah Sing's kitchen suggested a lightning gastronomic tour through all the famous restaurants of four continents, although the names he chose for his dishes were undoubtedly his own copyright. On the one occasion when I accused him of double-crossing me, I could almost have offered Ali, the big Sikh constable, a dollar to kick me round the *padang*.

This incident happened during the first long prospecting trip I made since Wah Sing had been in my employ. The company at home had cabled that one of their scouts had news of a rich mineral deposit in the very centre of a large, jungle-clad island situated off the east coast of the mainland, and ordered me to investigate it at once and report. Time was an important factor, as the news had simultaneously reached the ears of a rival company and their prospectors were already on the way.

I immediately went across to my assistant, Murray, and told him we were starting at daybreak, and when we returned to my own bungalow, there was Wah Sing packing the food-boxes. Now, I hadn't given him the slightest hint of what was in the wind, yet, with that uncanny prescience common to all Chinese servants, he knew we were off in the morning.

Murray said, "Surely you 're not taking old Plate Face with you?"

"Why not?" I asked. "He 's the best cookie in the peninsula."

"Maybe, but Chinks are no good for jungle work. Much better to take a Malay."

Apparently Wah Sing overheard, and gave the casting vote. "M'lay boy no dam' good for cookie," he grunted. "I go with Master."

"You 'll regret it," was Murray's warning to me.

The first part of our journey was easy travelling. We went by train to the farthest eastern point of the Straits Railway, then continued by car to the port where the *Bintang*, a small coasting steamer previously chartered by telegram, was to pick us up and take us across to the island. But on arriving at the port we found to our disgust that our rivals had got there some hours ahead, and were in possession of the only rest-house.

I knew their leader well, an enormous German named Schwarte, with a tummy as big as a half-hemisphere, which he pampered outrageously. His assistant was a dried-up little sprat of the same origin, whose oily tongue could talk a pergam pigeon out of a tree, and I didn't like either of 'em overmuch.

Schwarte greeted me with a grin, and: "Hey, Dixon, heard you was coming this way, but we got here first, so there ain't no more room. Maybe you find some rooms in the Jap hotel until we 've gone, hey?"

"Don't hurry on our account," I told him. "We 're not staying very long; expect to be off to-morrow."

"Going by the *Bintang*, hey? Well, I got some news for you: she 's stuck fast on a sandbank fifty miles nort', and won't be off for some days, a week perhaps, ain't it? I 've hired a sailing *prahu* from down the coast, the only one, and she 'll be here in two days, den you can have the rest-house till we come back." It was certainly a blow to me, but I didn't let him see it. "Thanks," I replied. "How 's the chow in the rest-house?"

He shook his head sadly. "Not any good," he said. "But I t'ink it 's better than the Jap hotel, anyhow."

"That won't worry us," I assured him. "I 've brought my own cookie; he can turn out a restaurant meal from two tins of beans and an old boot."

I saw Schwarte's eyes glisten, and the little Assistant's ears pricked up. "Why don't you and your friend come over and chow with us this evening?" I suggested. "A square meal is always a good preparation for a jungle hike."

This time Schwarte literally dribbled with greed. "Good . . . . good, we come," he said, "and I bring with me some beer, hey?"

I 'll admit that I had an ulterior motive for this hospitality. I wanted to get Schwarte in a friendly mood, so that I might suggest sharing the *prahu* with him, and I gave Wah Sing instructions that he was to go "all out" that night, even if it cost us half our rations. Wah Sing certainly surpassed himself, and when at the end of the meal Schwarte sat back with beads of perspiration on his fat face, I broached the subject of the *prahu*, but he ignored my suggestion and said, "That 's one fine cookie you got; how much do you pay him?"

"Thirty a month," I told him.

"Not enough; he 's wort' a good deal more."

Once more I saw the little Assistant's ears come to attention, and I wondered what devilment he had in his mind.

I was soon to find out. The following day there was no sign of Wah Sing, and breakfast was cooked and served by a Jap.

"What 's the meaning of this?" I asked him. "Where 's Wah Sing?"

"Gone," was the laconic reply.

"Gone where?"

"Gone to rest-house. He say you not pay enough, he find 'nother master quick."

I was flabbergasted. "The ungrateful blighter!" I exclaimed, and Murray burst into a shout of laughter. "I told you so, Dixon," he jeered. "What are you going to do about it?"

I couldn't do anything about it. My pride wouldn't allow me to admit that I 'd been fooled, nor could I risk "losing face" by going to Schwarte and demanding the return of my treasure. "Oh, he 'll come back," I said; but I was inwardly furious, and when, after a filthy tiffin, I went for a walk round the port, I saw Wah Sing squatting on the river bank, fishing. The moment I appeared he packed up his gear and departed hastily, with a bag-net full of silvery fish on his shoulder. I hailed him and told him to stop, but he picked up his flat feet and ran. "At least he has the grace to feel guilty," I thought.

Early next morning, when the *prahu* arrived, Murray and I went down to see Schwarte off, but not with any friendly motive: I had a few valedictory remarks to make about the impropriety of accepting a man's hospitality and then stealing his cook. I didn't expect to meet Wah Sing; I knew he 'd keep out of my way. But when I arrived at the port, I was surprised to find no one there except the serang, who was squatting on the wharf, smoking. I asked him where Schwarte was, and he replied, "I do not know, *Tuan*; they should have been aboard an hour ago, and if they do not come very soon there will not be enough water to allow me to cross the bar to-day."

"Why not send a messenger to the rest-house?" said Murray.

"That I have done," was his answer. "They tell me that the *tuans* are still asleep. I cannot wait any longer."

Murray and I exchanged glances; apparently we were both struck with the same idea. "Serang," I said, "it seems a pity that you should waste your day: we too are going to the island, you shall take us and return for the other *tuans* to-morrow."

The serang agreed gladly, and in less than half an hour the *prahu* was casting off with my party on board. "That makes honours even," I remarked to Murray.

"We 're a trick up, I think," he replied, and as things turned out we certainly were.

When we sat down to our first evening meal on the island, I was astounded to find my favourite food placed in front of me, a dish which Wah Sing had christened "Flied pig 'cetlas with doings." I called the native boy who was our emergency cook and demanded, "Did you cook this?"

"No, *Tuan*," he said. "I am Mahommedan and dare not handle swine's flesh. The Chinaman prepared it."

At that moment my eye lit on a well-known face peering through the bushes that surrounded our camp. "Wah Sing!" I shouted. "Come here, you infernal scoundrel!"

He crept out of the bushes and sidled up.

"How did you get here?" I demanded.

"I come on allee samee boat, Master; come to cook for my *tuan* You likee 'um?" He pointed to the dish.

I ignored the olive-branch and continued the indictment. "Wah Sing," I said severely, "why did you run away and leave Master to be poisoned by a Jap cookie?"

"No, *Tuan*, I not lun away," he protested, "only tak 'um night out. The little *tuan* say I go cook good chow for the big *orang blanda*, he givee fivee dollar evely time. I wanchee fivee dollar, I go."

"Well, you can stay with them now, I don't want you back."

"No likee!" he squealed. "Big *orang blanda* too gleedy. I cook 'em big feed, he eat allee dam' lot, then he go sleep and not catchem boat. Master understand?"

Yes, I understood only too well. "Wah Sing," I said, pointing an accusing finger, "you put opium in that food."

"No, Master, no," he protested. "I not wastee *chandu*. I tell Master evelything. Master knows the little fish, *ikan tuba*? Velly good chow, but when fella eat too muchee *ikan tuba* he go sleep allee samee like opium. Big *orang blanda* eat allee dam' lot, then he go sleep two-tree days, not catchee boat at all. That velly good, Master thinkum? Master wanchee me back?"

We saw the light at last. We might be one trick up, but Wah Sing had taken the game, and I felt very cheap at having doubted his loyalty.

"Yes, I 'll take you back," I said, "but if you ever attempt to cook *ikan tuba* for me, I 'll hang you to the nearest tree. Did you get the five dollars?"

"No, Master. I flightened, I lun away too soon," he said sadly, and suddenly his smiling face changed to that of a very old beggar-man. "*Tuan*," he whined, "*ada banya, banya susah. Sahya minta pinjam fivee dollar.*" I gave him ten. [THE END.

**All the characters and incidents in this story are imaginary.*

THE WREN LOOK: TYPES OF SENIOR SERVICE GIRL.

A PROBATIONARY WREN.

A WREN RATING.

A THIRD OFFICER, W.R.N.S.

A WREN RATING.

A THIRD OFFICER, W.R.N.S.

A WREN RATING.

A WREN RATING.

A WREN MESSENGER.

A PETTY OFFICER, W.R.N.S.

THESE portraits of officers and ratings of the WOMEN'S ROYAL NAVAL SERVICE give a good idea of the type characteristic of the Senior Women's Service, girls who do important work, and know that the lives of men and the success of their endeavour may depend upon their devotion to duty. Each one replaces a man, and there are many categories of service,

[*Continued opposite.*

Continued.]

some of which are illustrated on other pages. The Probationary Wren wears an overall; the ratings have category badges; the Officer's rank is indicated by blue rings on her sleeve and she wears the naval officer's badge of the laurel, crown and anchor. The Petty Officer has brass buttons on jacket and sleeve.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CECIL BEATON.

THE ROYAL FAMILY AND THEIR GUEST AT THE PALACE.

This historic portrait-group of THE KING *and* QUEEN *and the* PRINCESSES, *with their guest,* MRS. ROOSEVELT, *was taken in the Bow Room at Buckingham Palace. Their Majesties met the President's wife at the station when she arrived in London after her Atlantic flight, and drove with her to the Palace, where she is spending the first part of her visit. She came at the invitation of the King and Queen to gain first-hand knowledge of the war activities of British women, and to see the members of the American forces over here; and, as she does not intend to miss anything, her daily programmes are very full! She started off by visiting the bombed areas of London, having tea at the Mansion House and looking in at the Washington Club, and, by the time her visit is over, she will have reviewed our war effort from every possible spectator's angle, and have met a big proportion of the people who are getting on with the job over here.*

PHOTOGRAPH BY CECIL BEATON.

N.B. Colour plate inserted in this issue.

FUEL CHAMBER OF ERRORS!

Wicked toast glutton—wastes gas.

Clean, but careless—wasting water.

Studious, but unpatriotic—reading by a bright light.

The bath-wallower—neck-deep in water-waste.

THE CHAMBER OF ERRORS *is one of the clever and amusing features of the* "BATTLE FOR FUEL" *Exhibition at Dorland House, which Major Lloyd George, Minister of Fuel, opened recently. A replica of part of the interior of a coal-mine is included in the exhibition, and the witty and amusing Chamber of Errors admonitions for good citizens are put forward in the form of cautionary tales. Visitors are asked to read, mark and inwardly digest these clever modern moralities, which apply to every household, and the organisers are to be congratulated on combining the jam and the powder so entertainingly.*

A conference of company officers of the House of Commons Home Guard comprises Capt. Glenvil Hall, M.P. (left), Maj. Edward Fellowes, M.C., Lieut. Guy Eden, and Lieut. Victor Goodman, M.C.

Cleaning their automatics (left to right) are: Pte. Phillips Price, M.P., Cpl. Gordon Touche, M.P., Pte J. Gibbins, M.P., A/Sgt. Vernon Bartlett, M.P., Sgt. George Richards, M.P., Pte. V. McEntee, M.P., Pte. Cedric Drewe, M.P., Sgt. A. S. L. Young, M.P., Lord of the Treasury and Government Whip, Pte. Hugh Molson, M.P., Pte. Sir Cyril Entwistle, M.P., and Lieut. E. T. Cutler, who is a Commons official.

Lieut. Victor Goodman gives battle orders to Section Commanders Sgt. Norman Robson (lobby journalist; left), Cpl. Abell (office keeper, Houses of Parliament), and Sgt. A. J. Moyes (Fees Office, Houses of Parliament). Sgt. Lord Strabolgi, the platoon sergeant, stands to the right of the group.

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO—

THE M.P.'s HOME GUARD, for being ready to defend the "talking shops" with their lives as well as with their tongues.

Good potato-peelers are two of the keenest and most energetic members of the H.G.—Pte. Phillips Price, M.P., and Pte. Leslie Boyce, M.P. The latter is High Sheriff of Gloucestershire and (shades of the Guildhall banquets!) an Alderman of the City of London.

Cpl. Abell and Lieut. Goodman explain the working of the humble but effective Sten gun to a squad. A policeman on duty at the House of Commons keenly follows instructions.

A group of the M.P.'s H.G. learn to make the best possible use of available cover during exercises in the precincts. A/Sgt. Vernon Bartlett keeps a watchful eye on the rear, while their front is covered by Pte. Hamilton Kerr, Sgt. A. S. L. Young, M.P., Lord of the Treasury, and Pte. Leslie Boyce, M.P., who watch the many narrow passages.

THE Houses of Parliament have their own Home Guard unit composed of keen, enthusiastic M.P.s. In 1940, just a few days after the Government made known its desire for the creation of a corps of L.D.V., the Palace of Westminster Company of the L.D.V. (now Home Guard) was formed, and has been on "active service" ever since. This company does its duty in guarding the Houses of Parliament, and these photographs show some aspects of their varied work.

THE KING *is explaining to the* PRINCESSES *that the air must be driven out and the pipe filled with water before the exercise can begin.*

Practising the pumping change-over. The King is operating the hose and

ROYAL STIRRUP-PUMP PARTY: BUCKINGHAM PALACE HOME TEAM.

The King takes his turn at the pumping, while the Princesses are in charge of the hose and will use the jet or spray as required.

. . Princess will take over from the other without interrupting the flow of water.

"Now this is 'jet,'" says the King, "and this is 'spray'"; Princess Elizabeth has the workings of the stirrup pump explained to her by her father.

A.R.P. exercises: THE QUEEN *and* PRINCESS MARGARET *are in the top of a "blazing building," and await the arrival of the* KING *and* PRINCESS ELIZABETH *with the bucket of water.*

THE Royal Family will be able to put a stirrup-pump party into action when and if required, for stirrup-pump drill is a regular duty for his Majesty and his daughters, while the Queen has studied this form of A.R.P. and will be able and ready to take her part at a moment's notice. Our photographs of a stirrup-pump exercise with the King as instructor were taken by Studio Lisa and are reproduced from "Our Princesses in 1942," by Lisa Sheridan, published by permission of H.M. the Queen (John Murray; 2s. 6d. net). This little book presents a complete year cycle in the lives of Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret, and forms a successor to "Our Princesses at Home," which appeared a couple of years ago.

AWARDS, A ROYAL OCCASION, ENGAGEMENTS, A WEDDING, AND SHOWS:

H.R.H. *the* DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER *saw parcels of comforts for the Indian troops being packed by Indian ladies when she recently visited the Indian Comforts Fund Depôt at India House.*

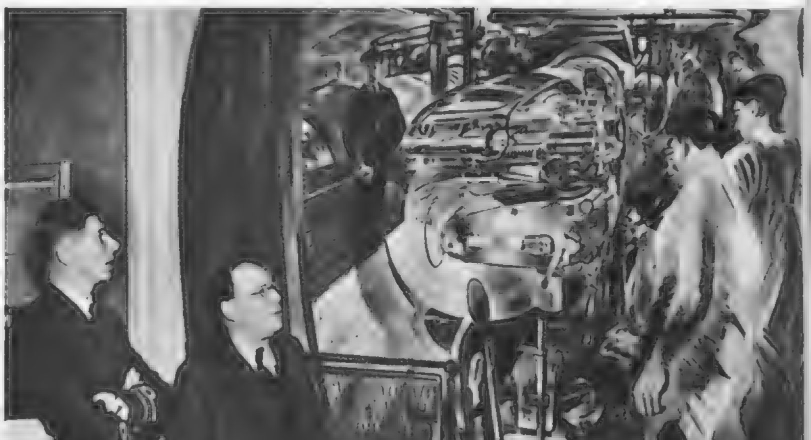
THIRD OFFICER PAMELA IRIS NANCY GRACE *is the first W.R.N.S. officer to be decorated for bravery. She received the M.B.E. for initiative and courage in an air raid.*

MISS LALAGE LEWIS, *who plays Marina in "House of Regrets" at the Arts Theatre, sat to* EPSTEIN *for this fine portrait-bust. She has recently been working in an aeroplane factory.*

CAPTAIN PATRICK PORTEOUS, R.A., *was decorated by the King at a recent Investiture with the Victoria Cross which he won at Dieppe, where his gallant conduct and brilliant leadership were an inspiration.*

MISS PRISCILLA DENEYS, *only daughter of Colonel Deneys, O.B.E., and Mrs. Deneys, of Bradwell House, Sandbach, is engaged to Major Hector G. Christy, the Essex Regiment.*

"OLD TOWN HALL," *stage version of the radio feature, at the Winter Garden.* CLAY *(Penny-on-the-Drum)* KEYES *in "Can You Beat the Band?" collects forfeits for the R.A.F. Pilots and Crew Fund if given wrong answers.*



CAPTAIN BARNETT FREEDMAN, *Royal Marines, with his painting, "15-inch Gun Turret, H.M.S. Repulse," at the National Gallery War Pictures Exhibition.* LIEUT.-COMMANDER DAVID WILLIAMS, *who served in that famous ship, is with him.*

PEOPLE OF THE WEEK AND THEIR VARIOUS ACTIVITIES AND ACHIEVEMENTS.

MISS CORAL BROWNE, *leading lady in "The Man Who Came to Dinner," at the Savoy, needs more oddments of wool to make these "surrealistic" toys for sick children.*

The marriage of the HON. ELIZABETH DUKE, *daughter of Lord Merrivale and of Mme. Odette Roger, to* CAPTAIN JEAN POMPEI, *of the Fighting French Air Force, took place at Brompton Oratory.*

MISS CHRISTIAN GRANT, *youngest daughter of the late Colonel Sir Arthur Grant, Bt., of Monymusk, is engaged to Mr. Michael Angas, Grenadier Guards, son of Major and Mrs. L. B. Angas.*

The marriage of MISS BARBARA McNEILL, *daughter of Mrs. J. Dewar, of Dutton Homestall, East Grinstead, to the Hon. Michael Langhorne Astor, third son of Viscount Astor, will take place shortly.*

THE PRESS CLUB *is celebrating its Diamond Jubilee with an exhibition of drawings, portraits, and autograph MSS. by George Augustus Sala, its first president.* MR. A. E. WATSON, *Managing Editor, "Daily Telegraph," is looking at a cartoon of his father, Mr. Aaron Watson, and Sala's panorama of the Duke of Wellington's funeral, with horses by Henry Alken, Jnr.*

CAPTAIN CHARLES CUNDALL, A.R.A., *with his picture of "Stirling Bombers Taking Off at Sunset." A further selection of war pictures by British artists has just been added to the Exhibition at the National Gallery.*

MRS. CONINGHAM, *wife of Air Vice-Marshal Coningham, Air Officer Commanding the Desert Air Force, is Asst. Secretary of the King George and Queen Elizabeth Club for Dominion Soldiers. She is with* SERGEANT J. WILLIAMS, *of Canada.*

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

By L. P. HARTLEY.

COMPARATIVELY few works of fiction have had elderly heroes or heroines. But there are exceptions: Père Goriot, for instance, and, in the drama, King Lear. Mr. Frank Swinnerton has not only taken the title of his new novel, "Thankless Child," from "King Lear," he has also followed Shakespeare's lead in making an old man the chief person in his story. There is no need to press resemblances. Mordred Snape is fond and foolish, as Lear was, or said he was, cantankerous, moody, selfish, dissatisfied with himself and the world; if he attains to tragic stature, as I think he does, it is in virtue of his capacity for suffering. Denied both expression and recognition, his talents had gone sour in him; his mind entitled him to better things than a small job in the advertising branch of a decorator's firm, his conversation was wasted on a pothouse audience. Frankie, the daughter and only child he loved so immoderately, had little in common with Cordelia on the one hand, or with Goneril and Regan on the other. She had her father's temperament, a lightweight version of it, as yet unsoured, and if she was ungrateful, it was because a streak of sanity in her nature warned her to flee from his obsessive love. She had a refuge in the office where she worked; she had distractions in the many young men who paid her light attentions at dances; she even persuaded one of them to follow her to France, where she and her father were spending a holiday he had planned to be *à deux*. Mordred, instantly jealous, showed him up for the windbag he was; it was a brilliant piece of de-bunking, but it was his last victory before Kyle the painter came on the scene, and, after many rebuffs, stole Frankie's heart.

The Tragic Loading.

One rare and outstanding merit of "Thankless Child" is that the author works up a very high pitch of dramatic tension not, as would be the obvious way, by isolating the three principal actors from the rest of the cast, and presenting them in a kind of emotional vacuum, the world forgetting, by the world forgot, but by making their context, human and otherwise, contribute its quota to their unhappy plight. Influences the most various—sometimes aided by the arm of coincidence—converge upon them; besides the grim sister who kept house for him, and the friend who persistently ministered to his self-esteem, editors, publishers, charwomen, policemen, though not necessarily directly connected with him, seem, by their mere existence, to add to the desperate pressure of his emotions. The whole of the rather dingy region of North London, in which most of the action takes place, seems conscious of impending tragedy. I think that Harold's suicide is, from the artistic standpoint, a mistake, the already overcharged atmosphere does not need it: but it certainly gives our nerves an extra jolt. We fear the worst; yet this is a novel of ideas, as well as of character, and the essential soundness and sweetness (in Frankie's view not wholly unmixed with dullness) of Kyle's nature, impervious to hysteria, suggests that, if it is a question of the survival of the fittest, he will not be the one to go under. Sacrifice there must be, and Mordred seems the appointed victim, but despite his faults he is made of finer clay than the others, and is the wreck of something more imposing than they will ever be. Our realisation of this makes the climax—admirably restrained, but full of the pity and terror that tragedy requires—unbearably poignant.

Families in Fiction.

"The Open Heart" is another good novel, in some ways a very good one. At the outset I was a little put off by what seemed a kind of pretentiousness not only in Miss Susanna Mitchell's style, but also in her attitude to her social unit—the Dudley family. We have grown a little tired of these families, whether in England or America, for whom the author makes claims—for brilliance, originality, social eminence, and so on—which he does not make good. But the Dudleys are rather remarkable, both in their qualities and their defects, and if Miss Mitchell's style does ride a high horse, her mind can quite well keep pace with it.

Seen in outline, there is nothing very unusual in the story. Cyntra Dudley, the girl with the open heart, is a gifted pianist. She falls in love with a famous conductor, Eichenhorn, has an indiscreet intrigue with him in New York, and would have married him, despite the remonstrances of her family. But, going to his house to say yes, she finds him very much involved with another lady, and decides not to. The strain of all this injures her health, and temporarily destroys her emotional life; her heart still stands open, but when Jim North, a banker of Bluffton, Mass., and a man who physically and in other ways resembled George Washington, walks into it, she is left unmoved. But misfortune has given the impulsiveness of her nature a stiffening of resolution. Nearing thirty, childless, and unpopular with the *beau monde* of Bluffton, she sets out to make Jim a good wife. But the stars in their courses fight against her. The irruption of her uncle's unpresentable Austrian relations, born scene-makers and totally lacking in *tenue*, might have seemed funny to some, but not to the embattled dowagers of Bluffton.

An Artist in Dialogue.

The means by which Miss Mitchell extricates her heroine are rather perfunctory, and suggest a hasty collusion between her and the wishful-thinkers among her readers. Construction, with the consistency of outlook and firmness of purpose that it enjoins, is not one of her strong points. Like Cyntra, she is impatient of discipline; she likes to improvise, to turn a phrase, to startle us with a new slant on a character we thought we knew (she is full of interesting second thoughts about her characters), to make a reflection about life. But perhaps Miss Mitchell's chief asset is her dialogue. She makes an art of conversation. Percy is a recognised wit; most of the others can be witty on occasion; but where they excel is in putting emotion into rather sophisticated words without spilling or understating it. The ability to give a passing mood the depth of a universal experience is one that seldom fails Miss Mitchell.

Competition among the Hollywood stars is rocketing the sales of U.S. war bonds; the highest total sum reached in one month was £209,500,000. DOROTHY LAMOUR *(seen with* PILOT OFFICER GEORGE MOSELEY, R.A.F., *at the Stork Club, New York), making a sales tour in America, had up to October 21 sold more than £7,500,000 worth. Hedy Lamarr was also going well with a sale of £1,130,000 from 225 business men at one lunch!*

An Admiral's Memoirs.

Lord Cork and Orrery, now Admiral of the Fleet, entered the "Britannia" as a cadet in 1886. "Too young a captain in 1914, too old an admiral in 1939, I have as regards war service fallen between two stools, and my readers must excuse me if I have nothing to say about some of the more important incidents that have taken place during my time of service." So he writes, with the frankness which is such an attractive feature of these memoirs; but the quality of interest does not reside so much in the importance of the events described as in the mind that describes them, and in any case Lord Cork's fifty-five years of service, which closed shortly after our evacuation from Narvik, have not been wanting in exciting and momentous episodes. He was present, for instance, at the conference on the "Dufferin" in May 1916, when the Arabs took their decision to revolt against the Turks; he was Naval Attaché in Rome at the time when the last war broke out; in the autumn of 1917, his ship, the *Repulse*, was in action with the German Fleet off Heligoland. Wherever he was, something was just happening, or going to happen, and whatever it was, he faced it with a stout heart. One might imagine that the responsibility of an important command would have made his mental outlook rigid, and the necessity of keeping his eye on the horizon disregardful of things near to; but it is not so. Trifles, if they have interested or amused him, he describes with a zest that is almost boyish, and he shows himself keenly alive to aspects and problems of our times that are not directly connected with the Service. "My Naval Life" would make good reading at any time, and is particularly welcome now.

Social Progress.

"British Rebels and Reformers," in the "Britain in Pictures" Series, is an admirably impartial survey of a subject too often treated with passion. Beginning with the Peasants' Revolt of 1381, Dr. Harry Roberts gives a brief account of the movements, popular in origin or initiated by individuals, in which attempts have been made to improve the lot of the masses. "It is love of justice," he says, ". . . rather even than that of liberty that stirs the average Englishman to action." I think he sometimes imputes to reactionaries a conscious wish to oppress the people of which they were not guilty. There has usually been more muddle than malice. But even students of history may be surprised to learn how consistently the condition of the poor declined between 1450 and 1850.

BOOKS REVIEWED.

Thankless Child. By Frank Swinnerton. (*Hutchinson; 9s. 6d.*)
The Open Heart. By Susanna Valentine Mitchell. (*Michael Joseph; 8s. 6d.*)
My Naval Life. By Admiral of the Fleet the Earl of Cork and Orrery. (*Hutchinson; 18s.*)
British Rebels and Reformers. By Harry Roberts. "*Britain in Pictures*" *Series.* (*Collins; 4s. 6d.*)

WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO TO BE A HOME GUARD!

Undisturbed by water-mines throwing up cascades of stones and water: crossing a stream by "monkey crawl."

Having lost his "monkey-crawl" hold, this competitor hung by his ankles for a second, before diving into the river.

Down he goes, without a moment's hesitation: a Home Guard descends by rope over the side of a 20-ft. bridge.

Scaling "Obstacle Number Nine" in the battle-course: Home Guards do some high-speed mountaineering feats.

Ordeal by fire in the battle-course contest: a couple of Home Guards crawl through burning creosote.

ANYONE who doubts the toughness of the Home Guard has only to look at these highly impressive training pictures. They were taken at a competition held over the battle course of the 4th Glamorgan Battalion Home Guard. Members of this battalion have for months past been doing extremely severe training, and have reached what looks—to the lay mind, at least—definitely Commando standard!

A CROONING DU BARRY AND LOUIS IN THE MOTLEY.

ARTHUR RISCOE as *Louis Blore, washroom attendant (and overnight millionaire) of the Club Petite, New York, mixes a doped drink for a rival, Alex Barton* (BRUCE TRENT ; *right*). *Charley* (JACKIE HUNTER), *Louis' stooge, tries to help by diverting Barton's attention.*

Louis drank the wrong drink, fell asleep, and dreamed he was Louis Quinze. Here his girl, Jenny Daly, as the Du Barry (FRANCES DAY), *visited by Alexandre* (BRUCE TRENT) *in the bedchamber to which she denies entrance to Louis, is discovered by Mme. la Marquise de Vernay* (FRANCES MARSDEN).

Jenny Daly (FRANCES DAY), *cabaret star of the Club Petite, rehearses one of her witty numbers, " Come On In," with the Ensemble, her starlet supporters.*

Mme. la Duchesse de Vilandelle (INGA ANDERSEN) *introduces to Louis* (ARTHUR RISCOE) *some of the Court entertainers of Versailles.*

The Du Barry reclines on her couch at Versailles: definitely not après any famous French painter !

THE New York success " DU BARRY WAS A LADY " (His Majesty's) might be called a Hollywood film-dream of the *affaire* Louis-Du Barry to Cole Porter music. Décor and costumes are superb for a wartime show—every member of the cast having contributed personal coupons. From a New York night-club we go to Versailles where Louis, having swallowed a doped drink, dreams he is Louis XV. and his Jenny the famous Mme. Du Barry.

Left : The Duchesse is excessively shocked at the pleasure and interest shown by the Emperor in his scantily-clad dancers.

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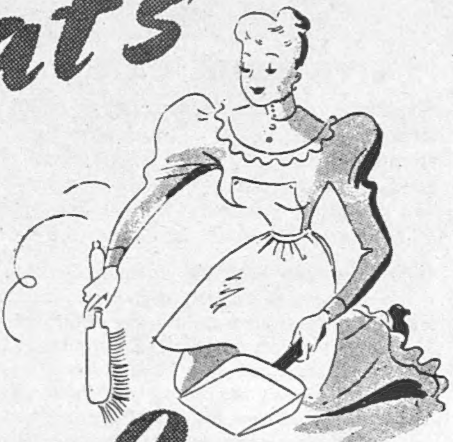
IT seems strange to associate the name of Fortnum and Mason, Piccadilly, with house-coats and wrappers; nevertheless, they are particularly successful with them. To them must be given the credit of the model above, which is carried out in delphinium blue corded moiré; the colour and the material are both of interest. With slight alterations this can be converted into an ideal maternity frock. There is a delightfully old-world atmosphere about it which is in complete harmony with the times. Soft drapery is the important feature of wrappers carried out in embossed velvet. Neither must it be overlooked that there are warm dressing-gowns in materials that bear a striking resemblance to glazed chintz, to say nothing of those which are reminiscent of furnishing fabrics.

THE war has completely altered our mode of living, and nowhere more so than in the world of fashion. Long dresses are favoured for evening wear in the country, while in town they must be short; it is believed that it is the difficulties of transport which are responsible for this. Jacqmar, 16, Grosvenor Street, are making a feature of informal evening dresses which look as well long as short, and the colour schemes are perfectly beautiful. They are responsible for the informal evening dress pictured on the right, for the fashioning of which mousse has been used, the colour scheme being shades of anemone, a rich, reddish purple making the drapery at the waist. The neck is high, and the sleeves, of the bishop character, are long and finished with a neat cuff. The entire scheme is classic in its simplicity, the needs of the figure being carefully considered. There is another model carried out in wool of a cardinal shade, with a draped belt.

What's next?



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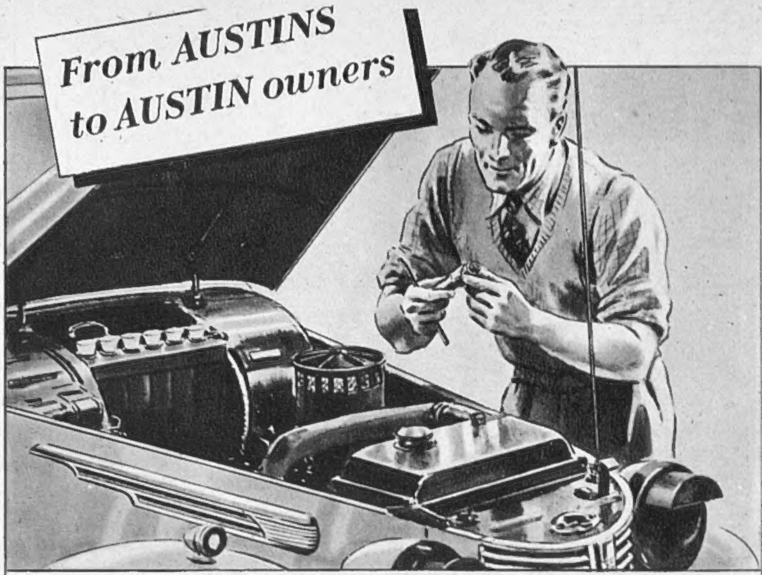

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